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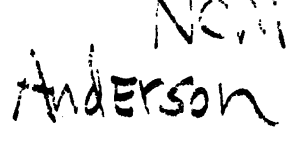
NOW
Anderson

# POEMS,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN

# India.

BY

T. A. ANDERSON, ESQ.
OF HIS MAJESTY'S 19TH REGIMENT OF FOOT,
And late Paymaster and Adjutant to a Corps of Pioneers on Ceylon.

" Non mira sed vera cano."

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## SONNET II.

### EVENING.

THE western wave assumes a crimson glow,
  Yon ruin'd tower, that crowns the lofty steep,
  Is half involv'd in shade, and from the deep
The cooling gales of ev'ning faintly blow!
And, tho' the orb of day no more displays
  Upon the rock below a single gleam,
    The turret tops, and sea-birds wheeling near,
  Are still illumin'd by his slanting beam!
Now twilight steals each object from our gaze,
    And, wrapp'd in mist, the distant cliffs appear,
Till the pale moon-beam, with a pensive cast,
  Softens the scene in magic colours wrought;
As time imparts to scenes of life long past,
  The mellow shade of melancholy thought!

## SONNET III.

THRO' twilight's deepest shades I love to stray!
My wearied spirits court that solemn hour,
When the last tints of ling'ring light decay,
And the stars tremble in the mirror clear
Of that sweet brook whose murmurs soothe my ear;
Then, Contemplation, then I feel thy power!
When the moon sheds her softly-streaming rays,
And mid the rustling foliage gently plays,
While nothing breaks the sacred calm of night,
Save the lone nightingale's melodious song,
That breathes of sweetness, and awakes delight,
As through the silent air it floats along!
Celestial goddess, Contemplation say!
Are these the scenes where thou are wont to stray?

## SONNET IV.

HOW grand yon setting sun, those rocks between,
Streams its full splendor on that ancient fane,
That seems to stand the sov'reign of the scene!
Along the precipice its massy wall,
In stern defiance seems to frown on all,
That dare invade its solitary reign:
How solemnly majestic is the sight
Of its huge battlements of dark grey stone,
Whence fast decays each purple beam of light,
As Eve's deep shadows o'er the scene are thrown,
And the thick vapour climbs the mountain's side!
While as the solemn gloom spreads far and wide,
More awfully sublime it then appears,
And leads the musing mind to tales of other years!

## SONNET V.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE in Idalia's violet-scented bow'r
Where a voluptuous silence breathes around;
Love, on his bed of roses slept so sound,
His mother thought he would awake no more!
And listening only to maternal fears,
Before the sovereign of the skies she falls
Who mov'd to pity by her streaming tears
A council of celestials instant calls:
Obedient to his mandate they attend,
But scarcely knowing what relief to try,
At length it is determin'd they should send,
To strive to break his slumber—Jealousy!
From hence arose a greater evil yet,
For she would never more the infant quit!

## SONNET VI.

### THE SEA-NYMPH.

" WITH sister nymphs in coral bowers I dwell!
" Amid the crystal caverns of the deep,
" I listen to the Triton's sounding shell,
" While all the rolling billows seem to sleep:
" Sometimes I skim the surface of the waves
" That flows around some solitary shore,
" Near which some friend—abandon'd mortal raves,
" Of joys departed to return no more!
" How softly then I touch the shadowy shell,
" With sweetest melody beguile his woes,
" And scenes of future happiness foretell,
" Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons repose!
" Then, by degrees, I cease the soothing strain,
" And plunge once more beneath the restless main.

## SONNET VII.

### ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

GO gentle shade! receive thy destin'd meed,
And join the white-rob'd seraphs of the skies,
Where each kind thought, each charitable deed,
Where blameless Virtue's compensation lies!
Oft o'er thy grave my swelling grief I pour,
The solitary tear at twilight shed;
There pensive strew each sweetest-scented flow'r,
And vent my anguish o'er thy silent bed:
Lamented Charlotte! yet methinks I see
The fond affection beaming in thine eyes;
Ah! bend no more those tearful orbs on me,
Nor for thine infants heave those deep-drawn sighs!
Their future fate will claim my anxious care,
For all a father's hopes now centre there!

## SONNET VIII.

MORNING, WRITTEN ON BOARD OF SHIP.

TO me the beauteous morning shines in vain,
When ocean blushes with the rising rays!
In vain, the dog star glimmers o'er the main,
Then disappears amid the purple blaze!
In vain, on rapid rustling wings ye rove,
Ye birds that wander on the desert wave,
I listless mark you, as ye soar above,
Or your dark plumage in the ocean lave!
Fast from their urns my ceaseless sorrows stream,
Where'er perchance I bend, where'er I turn,
Of some lost image memory loves to dream,
And whispers, joy and peace will ne'er return!
While thus the opening dawn delights all hearts,
To me alone no rapture it imparts!

## SONNET IX.

EVENING, WRITTEN ON BOARD OF SHIP.

'TIS evening now, how calm the lucid deep!
Oh! would some Ariel strike the heavenly shell,
And while the azure waters seem to sleep,
Strive the wild tumult of my thoughts to quell!
Now o'er the billow steals the moon's pale beam,
And while the silver lustre soothes my breast,
I view her distant orb; and idly dream,
That there perhaps the weary may find rest!
Alas! how short the calm my sorrows know,
Adieu, sweet moon! adieu, thou glassy main!
Lo! memory comes with all her aching train,
My tears afresh in keen remembrance flow!
Can Fancy then no fairy shield create,
To blunt the arrows of remorseless fate?

## SONNET X.

DEAR Scotland hail! where oft my infant feet
In playful mood have rov'd along the burn,
How joyful would this harrass'd bosom beat,
Could I once more to thy dark heaths return!
Has fate decreed I ne'er shall see thee more,
Or glad an helpless parent's aged eye,
Doom'd me to heave the unavailing sigh,
A friendless wanderer from my native shore!
And tho' the fascinating power of song,
Beguiles my tedious steps where'er I roam,
Yet still for that delightful hour I long,
When I again shall reach my native home!
Cease, Memory cease! tormenting Power give o'er!
Fate has decreed I view those scenes no more.

## SONNET XI.

OH thou wild Fancy! how I love the hour
Of twilight gloom, my soul then flies to thee,
From earth-born scenes for one short moment free,
While wandering in thy fairy-haunted bower,
With timid hand I pluck a random flower!
Or haply at the silent noon of night,
I gaze upon the watch tower's glimmering light;
Perhaps the deep-ton'd convent bell I hear,
Or on the air the pealing anthem floats,
And on the dying breeze the lingering notes,
Now boldly swell, now faintly meet the ear!
Fancy! while these wild visions interest,
Thy youthful votary feels supremely blest,
Tho' soon, too soon, alas! they disappear!

## SONNET XII.

WRITTEN WHILE ASCENDING THE TABLE MOUNTAIN AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.*

MAJESTIC mountain! pausing oft, I've gain'd
With many a weary step, thy topmost height,
And now at length the *Table-land* attain'd,
What luxury of landscape meets my sight!
White bosom'd clouds are floating round thy brow,
Like pearls of purest lustre, that begem
Some haughty monarch's dazzling diadem,
That glitters to the gazing crowd below:
Now all the glorious prospect opens wide!
There, signal towers, oak-circled villas, here,
In all their pride on those green hills appear,
Beneath whose feet the waves of ocean glide;
While far beyond, seen dimly by the eye,
The plains of Afric mingle with the sky!

* Note 1.

## SONNET XIII.

WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.*

ON this small sea-surrounded spot I stand,
Some thousand leagues divided from the world,
From Afric torn by Nature's giant hand,
And 'mid the solitude of ocean hurl'd!
Where yon rude rocks o'erhang that gloomy dell,
And seem each moment nodding to their fall
In one wide ruin to o'erwhelm them all,
The islanders in careless leisure dwell!
Yet nature here a vernal smile assumes,
Far in this bosom of the Atlantic deep;
The orchard ripens and the garden blooms,
Beneath the foot of many a dizzy steep!
And here relief, and shelter from the wind,
The weary wanderers of the ocean find!

* Note 2.

## SONNET XIV.

### ON RETURNING FROM INDIA.

"THE savage Candians' ambush didst thou shun
" In dismal swamps, and pathless forests, where
" Fraught with destruction, laden with despair,
" The stagnant vapours hid the sickly sun?
" What tho' a sultry clime, a foreign sky,
" So pale and wan has turn'd thy manly face,
" So dim'd the lustre of thy speaking eye,
" That I can scarce each former feature trace;
" Yet fond affection, time and change defies,
" Welcome my soldier to this throbbing breast!
" Dearly thy firm fidelity I prize,
" Tho' War's rude hand has rob'd me of the rest;
" For while I know thy unchang'd heart is mine,
" All else, without a sigh, I can resign!

## SONNET XV.

WRITTEN AT THE HOTWELLS OF CANNIA NEAR TRINCOMALIE.*

SALUBRIOUS streams! that have for ages pour'd
Thro' these wild scenes, these solitary dells;
What tho' your fame no pompous annal tells,
The untaught Indian has your power ador'd!
Majestic trees, and glens for ever green,
Forests of pathless shade, and mountains blue
Embosom you, and form a nobler scene,
Than ever fancy form'd, or poet drew!
Fainting with heat, and labouring with disease,
To your lone springs how thankful did I turn!
And soon reviving health, recover'd ease,
Display'd the virtues of your modest urn;
Some timid village maid thus shuns the gaze,
Unconscious of the beauties she displays!

* Note 3.

## SONNET XVI.

### ON LEAVING COLOMBO.*

CEYLON! from thee with sorrow I depart!
How passing strange the compass of a year,
A foreign residence should so endear,
And twine a thousand ties around the heart!
At early morn, how often have I stray'd
Amid thy pleasure-breathing gardens, where
The cinnamon perfum'd the balmy air,
And all its aromatic sweets display'd!
How oft at eve, what time the moon-beam smil'd
Upon thy silver lake's unruffled breast,
Have I with thee, sweet maid! the hour beguil'd,
While thou hast lull'd each busy thought to rest:
Julia farewell! enchanting scenes adieu!
I feel the rising tear my cheek bedew!

* Note 4.

## SONNET XVII.

WRITTEN IN A CHOULTRY, NEAR RAMNAD*.

HAIL pious Fane! majestic in decay,
The way-worn trav'ler's solace and delight!
Here may I pass the burning noon away
And rest my fainting frame till fall of night!
The child of poverty may enter here,
Without a bribe a shelter may obtain,
Nor with imploring eye look round in vain,
And dread a venal landlord's scornful sneer!
A thousand blessings on the hand that rear'd
This grateful shelter in a scene so rude!
Now can I journey thro' this solitude,
With strength recruited, and with spirits cheer'd.
Blush! Britain! blush! beneath thy gloomy skies
The wretch that cannot *purchase* shelter—dies!

* Note 5.

## SONNET XVIII.

TO THE REV. MR. BOWLES.

BOWLES, while I linger o'er thy plaintive strains,
This wounded heart a soothing solace feels,
A tender melancholy pleasure reigns,
And o'er my aching spirit gently steals!
Thy sadly-pleasing page, affords a balm
Most grateful to the sorrow-stricken mind,
Bow'd to the earth beneath Misfortune's arm,
Who never hop'd one pitying friend to find:
When thou, absorb'd in solemn thought, dost steal
Where Nature's noblest features are display'd,
In all her wild magnificence array'd:
'Tis then thy more than mortal power we feel!
Thy witchery of verse the charm completes,
We wander thro' a wilderness of sweets!

## SONNET XIX.

VIEW Athens now! once queen of ancient lore,
Where heroes conquer'd, and where poets sung!
Observe her desert unfrequented shore,
Then pensive wonder whence her glories sprung:
Her altars, temples, palaces, all low!
But far less ruin'd than her soul decay'd.
Where are her warriors, her sages now?
Perhaps the stone, inscribed to Plato, made
To prop the herdsman's hut, and in the grove
Where once Anacreon struck the breathing strings,
And Sappho told her tender tale of love,
The haughty Mussulman his tribute wrings:
The sad reverse may claim a genuine tear,
And Pride may learn no common lesson here!

## SONNET XX.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LOUD howl'd the Demon of the midnight storm!
No friendly star shot forth a glim'ring ray
To light the trav'ler on his dreary way,
But spectres glare in every horrid form!
Fast fell the rain, the thunder rattled loud
In dreadful peals along the murky air,
The livid lightning's momentary glare,
Pierc'd the red bosom of the bursting cloud!
When waken'd by the tempest's awful roar,
That shook the solid mansion to the ground,
Young Henry started from his sleep profound,
And strove in vain to ope the creaking door;
He grop'd around, then said, with brow severe,
*Deuce take the candlestick it is not here!!*

## SONNET XXI.

FROM THE FRENCH.

YE glorious monuments of human pride!
Ye tombs, and towers, and pyramids sublime!
(Where Art and Genius every nerve have try'd
By their gigantic power to conquer Time,)
Ye falling palaces, and mould'ring fanes,
And all the wonders of majestic Rome,
Ye Theatres where now dead silence reigns
That once contain'd whole nations in your womb,
Destructive Time has laid your glories low,
Your once-throng'd halls and forums all in dust!
Not solid marble can resist his blow,
Not iron conquer his corroding rust:
Then why should I complain, repine, or doubt,
*Tho' in six months my coat is quite worn out!!*

## SONNET XXII.

WRITTEN ON BOARD OF SHIP.

NOW from the wilderness of ocean, lo!
On the far verge of yonder starry skies,
In lonely pomp, the full-orb'd moon arise,
And o'er the wave her silver mantle throw!
Now her pale beams upon the white sails dwell,
As with the fav'ring breeze they softly swell;
The toil-worn sailors, all regardless, sleep,
And while around the gales of evening play,
And the tall vessel proudly stems the deep,
The frequent tear unnotic'd steals away!
And wild emotions in my bosom swell.
Ceylon! I envy still thy spicy shores,
In fancy view the form my soul adores,
And muse upon my Julia's last farewell!

## SONNET XXIII.

WRITTEN AT CONSTANTIA NEAR CAPE TOWN.*

DELIGHTFUL fields! oh never will ye fade,
Too firmly are ye printed on my mind,
And oft hereafter shall I seem to wind,
Thro' your green labyrinths of graceful shade!
Vineyard and cottages here strike the view
On every woody slope, or shelter'd vale,
With silver pines as heaven's own azure, blue,
Whose glitt'ring foliage quivers in the gale!
Here the proud oak, the sov'reign of the glade,
In all his native energy appears!
His branchy crown in regal grandeur rears,
A waving canopy of light and shade!
Sweet scenes adieu! a wandering stranger pays
His heart-warm tribute of sincerest praise!

* Note 6.

## SONNET XXIV.

TO WOMAN.

THOU sweet'ner of the cup of human woe!
By thee the fairest flowers are hourly strew'd
On life's steep path so thorny, wild, and rude!
What spirit-healing peace thou canst bestow,
When the keen pang awakes incessant sighs,
When not a gleam of hope the prospect cheers
When Nature's breathing charms unheeded rise,
And one wide blank this dreary world appears!
How sweetly then each gentle accent flows,
Conveys an exquisite, a nameless charm,
And on the world's unkindness pours a balm!
Thy feeling heart, the toil-worn traveller knows,
Distrusts his fellow men, but flies to thee,
Secure to meet thy warmest sympathy!

## SONNET XXV.

THE rising blossoms of this vernal scene
New life and vigour to my frame impart,
And Nature's mantle of soul-cheering green
Awakes each fine emotion of the heart!
I breath the sigh of exquisite delight
Amid these smiling flowers the garden's pride,
Amid the glitter of these dew-drops bright,
That tremble on the leaves on every side!
I view yon foaming torrent swiftly speed
O'er rugged rocks with wild impetuous force,
Then peaceful wind along the level mead!
A faithful emblem of love's devious course!
A raging flood, when obstacles oppose,
Those conquer'd, in one tranquil stream it flows!

## SONNET XXVI.

TO A LADY.

FAIR lady! may I hope the pensive strain
Which has in various mood been fram'd by me
Upon the tented field, or swelling sea,
When distant far, a moment's thought may gain!
So seldom in the haunts of men we meet
A soul congenial, or a taste refin'd,
The pleasing intercourse is doubly sweet,
And leaves a deep impression on the mind!
Camilla! thy approval richly pays
For many a weary hour, the favor'd bard!
The proud reflection—he has won thy praise,
And Beauty's magic smile his high reward,
Will, in the pillow'd hour of rest arise,
And flit in airy dreams before his eyes!

# Poems.

# POEMS.

## TO A LADY,

ON HER FEELING HURT AT SOME ILLIBERAL REMARKS.

OH cease thy fears Camilla! cease!
Heed not each little idle boast,
Nor let thy bosom's inmate—Peace,
Be rudely driven from her post!

That fairest fruits attract the flies
Has never been denied,
Oh then each envious tale despise,
In conscious Beauty's pride!

From Sensibility divine
Our liveliest pleasures flow,
But, if too much indulg'd, decline
And rapture turns to woe!

The marble wretch that scorns to bow
  At Beauty's sainted shrine
Disdains Affection's fervid glow,
  Its ecstacy divine!

May never woman's soothing smile
  On such a wretch descend,
His ling'ring hours of pain beguile,
  Or lonely couch attend!

And should the joyless mortal die
  Be every sigh suppress'd!
No tear-drop tremble in her eye,
  Or glitter on her breast!

### ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

THO' NELSON 'twas decreed that thy bright sun
Should be eclips'd 'ere its full race was run,
Thou hast, to all mankind's admiring eyes,
With greater glory set than others rise,
So when the sun thro' Summer's length'ning day,
Has blest the world with his reviving ray,
And then in all his western splendor drest,
Sinks to repose on Ocean's crimson breast!
Thus on the wave triumphant didst thou die,
Closing thine eyelids with a victory!!
Like him again in triumph soon to rise,
And with far-streaming lustre gild the skies!

## THE KISS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MY soul flew swiftly to my lip,
The honied dew of thine to sip!
But all my efforts were in vain,
To bring the wand'rer home again!

## THE ASSIGNATION.

OH haste my love! 'tis past the hour,
Nor loiter longer from the bower;
The deep'ning shades of night arise—
Oh haste and bless thy lover's eyes!
Nor peace nor rest have I enjoy'd,
Thy absence every thought employ'd;
How often to myself I've said,
What can detain my lovely maid!
For as the taper wastes away,
E'en so the hours of life decay.
Then come my Julia, bless my sight,
In all thy heavenly beauty bright!
Let me once more in these fond arms,
Enfold thy nectar-breathing charms;
Oh haste and fix thy lips on mine!
We'll taste of b lisses all divine;
Nor quit the love-exciting strife,
Till fainting on the verge of life,
And pillow'd on each other's breast,
By slow degrees we sin k to rest!

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM OSSIAN.

THY steps are stately on the hill
Sweet harbinger of night!
Above the cloud thy front appears,
In all its brilliant light!

Oh smile upon the lonely heath,
Thou silver-sparkling star!
The winds are laid, the dashing wave
Scarce murmurs from afar.

From yonder ivied tower, the owl
In solemn silence springs;
The glow-worm o'er the dewy plain
His emerald radiance flings.

The billows round thee joyful flow,
Thy lovely beam to greet!
Then why so soon, fair star, withdraw
Thy smile so passing sweet!

## SONG.

THO' beauty often has been sung
In every shape by old and young,
Let not the maiden be forgot
Who dwells in yonder lowly cot!
The soft expression of her face,
Her artless manners, fairy grace,
Her cheek with mantling blushes warm,
And heavenly symmetry of form,
The azure of a summer sky
Reflected in her laughing eye!
The snow-drop with its bashful head
Scarce seen above its milk-white bed,
When first its silken leaves unfold
Is not so sweet, but ah! as cold!
Yet still I dearly prize the hour
When first I saw this modest flower,
Nor shall I e'er forget the night,
When first the maiden met my sight!

The moon across the waveless stream
Had faintly cast a trembling gleam,
And as upon the bank we stood
Portray'd our shadows in the flood;
While Fancy imag'd to our eye,
Beneath the wave a softer sky!
Oh! were the wealth of kingdoms mine,
All, all, with rapture I'd resign,
Might I but share the lowly lot,
Of her who dwells in yonder cot!

## MORNING.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

RISING from a restless pillow
The self-same scenes again arise!
Nothing but the heaving billow
Still salutes my wearied eyes.

The snowy-breasted sea-fowl float
Round the solitary ship,
Screaming with discordant note,
As their rustling wings they dip:

Not a spot the eye to rest;
Not an object to descry;
Nothing but the wide wave's breast,
Blending with the distant sky!

## LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S BOOK.

IN this fair page, sweet maid! I find
An emblem of your fairer mind,
Like it unsullied by a blot,
Its purity without a spot,
Oh may no ruthless hand profane,
Its virgin whiteness ever stain!
But if some unassuming youth
In words of tenderness and truth,
Should fondly dare, in trembling fear,
To write his timid wishes here;
Oh, as you read, let one soft smile
Play round those lovely lips the while!

## STANZAS.

AN injur'd nation flies to arms,
A nation struggling to be free!
How sweet is death in such a cause,
The sacred cause of liberty!

See how the gallant sons of Spain
The glorious conflict burn to share!
The banners of the patriot brave,
Are streaming on the darken'd air!

The Spanish maiden calls her love,
The tear half trembling in her eye!
And bids him hasten to the field,
In all the pride of chivalry.

Warriors of Britain! can ye pause
And not a kindred ardour own?
Oh haste to join the godlike band,
And hurl the despot from his throne!

## TO A LADY.

PLANET of love! whose streaming rays
The lesser stars eclipse,
'Tho' bright the orbit of thine eye,
The vermeil of thy lips!

The violet glist'ning in the show'r
May paint that bright blue eye,
The rose unfolding to the dawn,
That lip of vermeil dye!

Yet not thy features, tho' divine,
Could move my stedfast mind,
Thine is the charm of intellect,
The captive soul to bind!

As when a silken cord unites
A wreathe of scatter'd flowers,
Their splendid colours brighter glow,
Than in their native bowers!

Thus acts the charm of intellect
On Beauty's fleeting flower,
Improves its heav'nly loveliness,
And binds its magic power.

## TO A LADY,

WHO WISHED FOR A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

OH trust thy native charms my fair,
The arts of dress despise,
Reject their useless aid, and wear
No diamonds but *those eyes!*

## TO ———

ALTHO' his sweets the bee obtains
From yonder rose in bloom,
The lovely flower he never stains
Or spoils its rich perfume!

E'en so my kisses cannot stain
The rose upon thy lip,
Uninjur'd will the bloom remain
Altho' its sweets I sip!

## TO A LADY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

THY native elegance and ease
So void of affectation,
That faultless form, that polish'd mind,
So passing expectation!

These, these are beauties that recall
My absent fair to me!
I see my Julia's long lost charms
Camilla all in thee!

And, as the shepherd views his face
Within the crystal brook,
Reflected thus in thee, I view
My Julia's very look!

Then can'st thou wonder that I should
Admire the sister gem?
And can that feeling heart of thine
The pleasing dream condemn!

With half the convex world between,
And many a stormy billow,
Oh let the dear illusion still
Beguile my midnight pillow!

## LOVE AND HOPE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TWO cherubs sooth'd my lonely hours,
And strew'd my path of life with flowers,
To Beauty's shrine my footsteps led:
Their names were Love and Hope they said!
And if one caus'd a painful sigh,
The other's cheering aid was nigh.
If Love a moment rais'd my fears,
Then Hope would kindly dry my tears!
At length the boy I cherish'd most,
Who was my proudest dearest boast,
Flew off, and left no trace behind,
By which the traitor I might find.
Hope gently bid me not to mourn,
And whisper'd "he will soon return,
"Then give not useless sorrow scope
"For Love cannot abandon Hope!"

## TO A LADY.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity, fair maid!
Are virtues all divine, 'tis said,
And, as I think no mortal youth
Could keep them all with stedfast truth,
Let us divide these gifts divine,
Let only *Faith* and *Hope* be mine,
And *Charity*, sweet girl, be thine!

## THE DYING SOLDIER.

"WHY did I wander from the vale,
" Or leave my rustic cot?
" Where health and peace their sunshine shed,
" Upon my happy lot!

" Why in the cause of kings, did I
" The gleaming sabre wield?
" Or to the cultivated farm,
" Prefer the blood-stain'd field!

" How fondly memory lingers yet
" Around that peaceful scene,
" Yet views the nameless brook that stole
" Across the village green!

" Upon whose verdant slope I've pluck'd
" The daisy from its bed,
" Or field flowers wild that all around,
" Their honied fragrance spread!

" Where are the hills on which I roam'd
" To catch the healthy gale,
" Or mark the purple clouds of eve,
" Along the landscape sail?

" And where is now the rosy maid,
" Whose simple rustic song,
" Oft cheer'd the low'ring winter's night,
" Tho' stormy, cold, and long?

" Oh Mary! never wilt thou more
" Thy long-lost soldier see!
" No more at morn or eve prepare
" The frugal meal for me!

" Hours of delight for ever fled!
" For spreading o'er my sight
" E'en now the rising mists of death,
" Fast, fast, obscure the light!

" In distant lands your soldier bleeds:
" The cold cold earth his bed!
" No kind supporting friend at hand,
" To raise his drooping head!

" Haunts of my early youth farewell!
" I feel life steal away,
" Oh God, I come! my spirit flies
" To realms of endless day!"

## OSSIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

OH lay me, ye that see the light!
Where dark-brown rocks their summits rear,
Let thickest hazels shade the place,
And let the rustling oak be near!

Green be the place of my repose,
And let the distant torrent roar!
Daughter of Toscar raise the song,
And strike the harp to days of yore!

Let soothing sleep then seize my soul
Amid delight's impetuous tide,
While dreams of former days return,
The days of Ossian's youthful pride!

Selma! I view thy trees, thy towers,
Thy echoing walls, thy watchful guards;
Lo! Morven's heroes stand around,
I hear the swelling song of bards!

See Oscar lifts the sword on high!
A thousand ardent youths admire;
With wonder they behold the chief,
His arm of strength, his eye of fire!

They mark the rapt'rous joy that beams
And fills his aged father's eyes,
They pant, they burn, for equal fame,
And equal shall their fame arise!

Ye sons of streamy Morven's heaths
My soul now brightens with the song!
And to remembrance I recall,
The chiefs of days departed long!

The sounding harp invites to rest,
And pleasant dreams begin to rise!
Sons of the chase! at distance stand,
Nor drive these slumbers from my eyes!

Sons of the chase! break not my dreams,
The solemn converse let me hold;
The spirits of my fathers rise,
The mighty chiefs of days of old!

## TO A LADY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TAMUL.*

OH morning star of Asia's black-ey'd maids!
Oh, queen of gems! whose lustre never fades!
Beauty of beauties! fairest of the fair!
A peerless maid, where all enchanting are!
Thy happy consort's living soul art thou?
The sweet reward that virtuous deeds allow,
And granted him; oh, enviable fate!
For deeds of virtue in some former state:
Art thou a seraph of celestial line,
Or beam of light beneath a form divine?
Goddess of riches! rulest thou the globe?
Full well I know thee by thy gorgeous robe
And oh! thou consort of this 'witching fair,
Well may we call thee an idolater;
Or why, professing christianity,
To this divine perfection bow the knee!

* Note 7.

Her crescent brow, her golden tresses prize,
And like the antelope's her full-orb'd eyes,
Her graceful cheeks, her lips of lively flame,
And teeth, that pearls of purest lustre shame!
In her fine form, each fair proportion meets,
And like the * Champak flower she breathes of sweets!
Then to you both, illustrious pair, be given,
A race as numerous as the stars of heaven,
As long as shrubs adorn the fruitful field,
Or mountain springs their grateful coolness yield,
May ye remain, nor ever know decrease,
One family of love, delight, and peace!

* An odoriferous flower of a gold colour.

## SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

TUNE,

"*Adieu to old England! ye white cliffs adieu!*"

SAINT Helena farewell! ye black rocks adieu!
How unkind is the breeze that transports me from you!
How I mourn my hard lot that I cannot be still,
With the beautiful maid, at the foot of the hill!

*Tho' Cape Town may boast of her languishing fair,
The bosom luxuriant, and soft-swimming air,
Their charms are eclips'd, let them think as they will,
By the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill.

Tho' Britain can boast of each rosy-cheek'd maid,
Whose love-darting eyes to sweet passion persuade;
Tho' bewitching their glance, my affections are still
With the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill!

* The name of the town at the Cape of Good Hope.

Fair maid of the rock! I must bid you farewell,
And endeavour this tumult of passion to quell;
Then may spirits of light be thy guardians from ill,
Oh beautiful maid at the foot of the hill!

Tho' fortune may frown, and tho' ocean may sever,
To thee this fond heart is devoted for ever!
And may destiny soon all my wishes fulfil
With the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill!

## THE LOVER.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

OH I have borne, and borne in vain,
The pangs of Love's delirious pain!
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh ask me not her name to tell!

Oh I have borne the lingering smart,
Of absence cankering in the heart!
But she, for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh ask me not her name to tell!

Far have I roam'd with wandering feet,
And found a maid so heavenly sweet,
That in my breast she still shall dwell,
But ask me not her name to tell!

How long her footsteps I pursued,
How long with tears their prints bedew'd,
How long she made my sighs to swell,
Oh ask me, ask me not to tell!

Sound of the softest tend'rest tone,
To fondest lovers only known,
Last evening from her dear lips fell,
But ask me, ask me not to tell!

Why frown and bite that angry lip?
I love her honied kiss to sip;
How soft the pouting rubies swell,
Oh ask me, ask me not to tell!

Sweet love! when far from thee I pine,
All lonely in this home of mine,
What sighs my tortur'd bosom swell,
Oh ask me, ask me not to tell!

To love's dear bliss before unknown,
To such a height has passion grown,
That Hafiz ne'er its power can quell,
Then ask him, ask him not to tell!

*** This was written by an officer deceased.

## LOVE AND WINE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

TO hail the sweet return of spring,
The joy-inspiring goblet bring,
Enjoy, oh youth! thy fleeting prime,
With rapture seize the present time!
Love's fawn-ey'd daughters too invite,
To gild the moments with delight;
Then let the fluid ruby flow!
It is the oil of joy to woe;
It brings the wretched quick relief,
Disperses all the clouds of grief,
Against Misfortune's iron arm,
It is a heavenly-healing balm!
The soul-corroding thorns of care,
And all the racking thoughts that tear
Ambition's ever-restless frame;
Leave to immortalize the name
Of those, whom history records,
As heroes, kings, and conquering lords!

Let me but carelessly recline,
While I indulge in love and wine,
And listen to the soothing sound,
The lute and cymbal breathe around,
To feast my ravish'd eyes the while,
Circassian maids around me smile!
Enjoy, my soul, the passing hour!
Let no rude thoughts thy pleasures sour,
Whate'er may be our future fate,
'Tis folly to anticipate,
With love and wine beguile the hour!
To-morrow is beyond our power!

## INSCRIPTION FOR A CENOTAPH.

FROM THE LATIN OF THE REV. MR. BOWLES.

IN these green shades, this peaceful sweet retreat,
Thro' which the streamlet's rippling waters wind,
How many blissful days I hop'd to meet,
While on thy faithful bosom I reclin'd!
Fate will'd it otherwise; yet here I dwell,
Wreathing with flowers, thy cold and senseless urn;
Oft I repeat the mournful sound, farewell!
And muse on scenes that never can return.

## LINES,

### ON THE HONORABLE F. NORTH, THEN GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAMSCRIT.*

NOW mounted on an elephant
This favourite hero see!
And valiant as a lion may
His actions ever be!

How like the rising sun he seems
As he in state reclines,
When on a sapphire mountain, he
In dazzling glory shines!

Or like some heavenly spirit on
A watery cloud reclin'd,
Descending on the thirsty earth
To bless all human kind!

* Note e.

Upon this darling of Ceylon
May Seva,* mighty name!
Protector of this mundane egg
Bestow eternal fame!

* The Supreme Being.

## THE DELIGHTS OF INDIA.

TO AN OFFICER.

WHILE faithful Mem'ry loves to trace,
Each clime, society, and place,
Where we have been before!
Whether on sea-beat Britain's coast,
That every charm of life can boast,
Or Italy's soft shore.

What unrepented sins of mine,
Or stranger destiny of thine,
Dropt us unlook'd for here?
Where scorching suns, and parching wind,
With deluges of rain combin'd,
Alternate mark the year!

Where music different from the notes
That warble from Italian throats,
Its melting charms displays!
Where crows by day, and frogs by night,
The *ne plus ultra* of delight,
Croak their melodious lays!

Where insects settle on your meat,
Where scorpions crawl beneath your feet,
And deadly snakes infest!
Where everlasting tom-toms sound,*
And with their barb'rous noise confound,
And quite destroy your rest.

Where liver's slow consuming pain,
Or fever with its ling'ring train,
Your inmost vitals wring!
And while in agony you lay,
Your home and friends, all far away,
Give death a double sting!

Where thro' the never-ending day,
Fierce suns emit their vertic ray,
And fire your boiling blood!
For when the burning landwind reigns,
Your languid limbs, and throbbing veins,
Require the cooling flood.

* Note 9.

Quite furious with excessive sun,
You feel the dire delirium run,
Thro' all your panting frame;
And while the angry demon's pow'r,
Spreads horror o'er each heavy hour,
'Tis useless to exclaim!

If such the picture, fair and true,
This envied country holds to view,
I pity him who stays!
Thy lovelier banks, bright Thames! can boast
More beauteous scenes than India's coast,
In all its pomp displays!

Those lovely banks, that silver stream,
By day my wish, by night my dream!
If once I visit more,
By every heav'nly pow'r I swear,
No more to breathe this noxious air,
Let me be rich or poor!

And as o'er these rude wilds you roam
Does no fond fair one wish you home,
Or heave the tender sigh?

And vainly wish her soldier near,
From her fine eye while starts the tear,
The tear of Memory!

Let those whom Avarice here has taught
To stifle every lib'ral thought,
Selling themselves, or sold;
Let such their ease and peace resign,
Nay, health itself, to *cross the line*,
And stick at nought for gold!

For you, my friend, with spirit blest,
Such dirty doctrines to detest,
I breathe an ardent prayer!
May you, the calls of duty o'er,
Soon to a happier, milder shore,
To Albion's cliffs repair!

There, as in social converse gay,
The hours glide unperceiv'd away,
We'll laugh and pity those,
Who mad for wealth, and blind to ease,
Tempt hidden rocks, and distant seas,
And fly from true repose!

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON EMBARKING FOR INDIA.

HARK! honor calls his sons away,
To face the tented plain!
His high command I must obey,
And plough the trackless main.

I go to tread a foreign strand,
Where turban'd legions wait,
With uncouth arms a swarthy band,
From many a distant state.

Sweet interesting maid adieu!
With grief I quit this scene,
Yet oft will memory fly to you,
With half the globe between!

And whether I return or not,
How useless to repine!
'Tis many a better soldier's lot,
And may perhaps be mine!

## TO MARY.

MAID of the brightly-beaming eye!
With form so fair, and smile so sweet;
Oh Mary! leave this northern sky;
Of Vice and Want this sordid seat.

To Indian realms, oh haste with me!
By Ganges splendid stream to rove,
Nor shrink to cross the wint'ry sea,
Protected by my watchful love.

To those fair vales where Nature spreads
Her richest robes of verdant hue,
Where breathing myrtles o'er our heads,
Supply both shade and fragrance too!

Thy fairy form when Indians view,
They'll own, in spite of native pride,
A sweeter blossom never grew
By Ganges proudly swelling tide!

## THE SUBALTERN'S SOLILOQUY.

### A PARODY.

To be or not to be——a Captain is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slights and sneering of the *well-fed staff*,
Or by promotion end them.—
And then to hear the scoffs of rank no more,
But, once for all, by that important step
To say we end the thousand daily slights,
A Subaltern is heir to!—
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!
But where to find the cash to purchase it,
When funds are low, and friends look shy and cold;
Aye, there's the rub! for he must *raise the wind*
Ere he can taste the dear-bought sweets of rank.
'Tis this reflection makes
The Subaltern to toil ten tedious years;
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of rank,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious formality of guards?—
When he himself might his promotion get

By lodging in the agent's hands the cash.
Who would toil and fag, in camp or garrison,
Year after year, until some lucky shot
Dispatches him to that well-peopled realm,
From whose wide bourn no Subaltern returns?
Thus poverty makes drudges of us all;
And thus the healthy face of many a Subaltern
Is sicklied o'er by frequent want of cash!
And enterprisers, of great fire and spirit,
On this account can never gain the step,
Or reach that envied rank!

## THE SUBALTERN.

A PARODY OF PART OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE warning drum announces parting day,
And calls the Subaltern from mirth and glee;
Slow to parade he plods his weary way,
And leaves the mess to solitude and me!

Now see him in the ranks so closely pent,
While all the air a solemn stillness wears,
Save when the Major gives the word "present!"
And every sabre the salute prepares.

Save at that yonder table, o'er his wine,
The Subaltern does to his friend complain;
He's scarce allow'd to leave his guard to dine
For one short hour, and then returns again.

Beneath that spreading tree, that Banian's shade,
Where natives croud in many a clust'ring heap,
Each on his face or back supinely laid,
His sable servants pass their time in s'eep.

Their bawling master's vengeance-breathing call,
In vain attempts to stir their drowsy head;
Again he swears, and bellows at them all,
The whip must rouse them from their lowly bed.

For now no more the spruce parade detains,
A cool undress employs his ev'ning care,
And woe be to poor Mootoo's sable brains,
If he forgets to bring his jacket there.

Now see the natives to his prowess yield,
His foot has oft the brittle *chatty** broke;
What fun to chase them thro' the *Paddy-field*,
And overturn them at a single stroke!

Let not the vet'ran mock his youthful toil,
The risk he runs in many a nook obscure;
The toils and dangers of a midnight broil,
Will teach him how war's hardships to endure!

The boast of service, and the pomp of war,
And all the raptures of a *jungle* fight,
May soon be his, the day not distant far,
When *Candian savages* may meet his sight!

* Chatties are earthen vessels for domestic uses.

Nor yet to him impute the slightest blame,
That he has never storm'd the deadly breach;
In garrison, ah, who can gather fame?
No laurel branch grows there within his reach!

Can English claret, or can *sangaree*,
Or Europe-bottled beer of potent fame,
From regimental duty set him free,
Or from the cursed ROSTER strike his name?

Perhaps on that neglected bed is laid,
Some Subaltern impatient with desire;
Who calls in vain upon his sable maid,
To wake to ecstasy his amorous fire!

His sable maid has bless'd her Mootoos arms,
And sleeps securely in his close embrace!
Who while he watches o'er her sable charms,
Flaps the musquitoes from her tawny face!

## TRANSLATION OF

"Persicos odi puer apparatus," &c.

HORACE, Ode 38.

BOY! knew you not how much I hate
The gaudy pomp of Persian state?
Then rifle not each breathing bed,
To weave a garland for my head;
Nor search around with anxious pain,
If yet a lingering rose remain!
But while my languid limbs are laid
Beneath the vine's luxuriant shade,
And while I quaff the ruddy wine,
A simple myrtle wreath entwine!

## SONG,

FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1806.

IN the deeds of their arms see our forefathers rise!
While such threats of defiance fierce flash from their eyes,
As when dauntless they rush'd thro' the ocean's wild storms,
Braving death and destruction in all their dire forms;
View each shade how he snatches his helmet and shield,
And again stalks a hero across the red field!

With the deeds of our fathers thus full in our view,
Let us nobly determine their steps to pursue,
And, proud to have sprung from those heroes of old,
Whose spirits were never by Fortune controul'd,
Like them, let us grasp at immortal renown,
And wrest from the Corsican boaster his crown!

That when the fierce conflict of nations is o'er,
And heroes shall bleed, and shall conquer no more!
When the tumult of battle is hush'd once again,
And peace shall resume her so long-banish'd reign,
The song of the bard may resound with our name,
And to ages on ages deliver our fame!

## PARAPHRASE OF

" Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem
" Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu."

TIBULLUS.

WHEN floods of rain against our cottage beat,
And loudly howls the spirit of the storm!
To hush the lovely trembler's fears, how sweet!
And closer clasp her fascinating form!

Tho' fierce the hollow tempest round us rise,
The wind and rain shall cradle us to rest;
And sleep steal softly o'er our weary eyes,
Securely happy, and supremely blest!

## A SMILE FROM HER WE LOVE.

A SONG.

HOW sweet appears the rising day,
When o'er the eastern sky
The sun expands his roseate ray,
And brightens every eye!

How soothing to the raptur'd sight,
The beams of parting day!
The many-tinted streams of light,
How lovely to survey!

The music of the grove at eve
'Tis ecstasy to hear!
What other joys can we conceive,
More exquisitely dear!

Yes! there is one that's dearer far,
All other joys above!
Sweeter than nature's beauties are!
A smile from her we love!!

## MARIA.

WHERE now the rank grass waving high in the air,
Attracts you to yon rising spot;
There lies the pale victim of love and despair,
Her errors and sorrows forgot.

Yet the gentle Maria was enchantingly fair,
As fair as the meadows in May,
And in her loose tresses of dark-waving hair,
The zephyrs delighted to play.

But the salt tears that flow'd down her sorrow-worn cheek,
And follow'd each other so fast,
With what heart-moving eloquence did they not speak,
Of raptures too guilty to last!

Of the offspring of mis-plac'd affection unborn,
When she by a villain was left,
A prey to distress, to distraction, and scorn,
Of hope and of comfort bereft!

Heart-broken, she snatch'd up the death-giving draught,
And lull'd all her sorrows to rest;
She could not endure the fierce anguish of thought,
It tortur'd too keenly her breast!

Poor child of Distraction! in peace may you sleep!
And the stranger who passes that way,
Will never refuse o'er thine ashes to weep,
For the maiden by Love led astray!

## STANZAS.

### TO THE MEMORY

OF LIEUTENANTS VINCENT AND SMITH, OF THE 19TH REGIMENT, WHO, BEING WOUNDED IN THEIR RETREAT FROM CANDY, WERE ABANDONED TO THEIR FATE IN THE JUNGLE.*

OH had ye fallen gallant pair!
In that victorious hour,
†When Asia's haughty genius bow'd,
Beneath a Wellesley's pow'r!

Tho' we should still have keenly felt
And deem'd the blow severe,
Remembrance of your glorious fate
Would check the rising tear!

But now in dark and gloomy wilds
Your bones, alas, decay!
To howling savages expos'd
An unresisting prey!

* Note 10. † The battle of Assaye.

Forsaken 'ere the vital spark
Had left your fainting frame,
Oh, stain to manhood! and to arms
An everlasting shame!

Too well! lamented youths, have you
Fulfill'd stern Honor's call,
Obedient to whose sacred voice,
Unnumber'd victims fall!

## SONG.

IMITATED FROM CRASHAW.

HASTE! my beauteous Emma! haste!
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets but thou, art wanting here!
Then lovely Emma haste away,
All nature seems to mourn thy stay!

The flowers in all their bloom appear,
Or quickly would, if thou wert here!
The spring is come, or if she stay,
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.
Then lovely Emma haste away,
All nature seems to mourn thy stay!

The surly winter is gone by,
Or if he yet delays to fly,
His answer's ready, "she does so;
"Ere Spring appears can Winter go?"
Then lovely Emma haste away,
Since nature seems to mourn thy stay!

Hark how the sweetly-plaintive dove,
Chides thy long delay my love!
See how the frolic zephyrs mourn,
And languish for thy quick return!
Then lovely Emma haste away,
Since Nature seems to mourn thy stay!

## TO THE MEMORY

### OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS MASSACRED AT CANDY, JUNE 24, 1803.*

WHAT mournful sounds assail my ear!
What piercing shrieks of woe!
Demons! your bloody work forbear,
And spare a prostrate foe!

The flinty savage grins with joy,
The work of death proceeds,
The barb'rous mandate is, "destroy!"
And Mercy vainly pleads!

Revenge! revenge! their ashes cry
On that blood-thirsty crew;
Ye human fiends! the hour is nigh
To stern-ey'd Vengeance due!

And when the sword with blood is dy'd,
In that tremendous hour,
The mercy once to us denied,
'Tis fruitless to implore!

* Note 13.

Alas how unavailing all!
Tho' Vengeance has her day,
Can she our murder'd friends recall,
Or rouse their lifeless clay!

When parting at that fatal stream,*
Discolor'd now with gore,
Ah little, little did I dream,
That we should meet no more!

But while Remembrance shall hold
Her sceptre o'er my brain,
In lasting characters enroll'd,
These horrors will remain!

* The Mahavilla Gonga, or Great Candian River.

## SONG:

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1804.

THO' I have seen some happy hours,
Replete with pleasure, bright with bliss,
Bear witness all ye social powers!
I never saw an hour like this.

Then high the sparkling goblet raise!
And call on every social pow'r,
To brighten all our future days,
And smile on this auspicious hour!

Here every smiling glance conveys
Those raptures Art cannot controul,
And every cheerful look betrays,
The genuine feelings of the soul!
Then high, &c.

Here no unwelcome thoughts intrude,
No tearful eye with sorrow streams,
No surly churl, uncouth and rude,
To sully Rapture's purest beams.
Then high, &c.

Diffusing all its magic light,
O'er Pleasure's fascinating form,
Here Friendship's torch, divinely bright,
A hermit's frozen breast would warm!
Then high, &c.

But who can all the raptures paint,
These festive moments that beguile?
For ne'er did Erin's patron saint,
Upon a brighter meeting smile!
Then high, &c.

For me, wherever I may stray,
Wherever fortune may invite,
I never shall forget this day,
This day of harmonis'd delight!
Then high, &c.

In joy or grief, where'er I'm cast,
When time revolves again this day,
I'll drink a health to pleasures past,
And former friends, tho' far away!
Then high, &c.

## THE COQUET.

A BALLAD.

I HEARD a young shepherd complain,
Near a stream that flow'd gently along,
I stop'd to attend to his strain,
And this was the theme of his song:

"If you mean but to sport with my heart,
"Dear Laura encourage me less!
"But hopes more substantial impart,
"If you wish my affection success.

"When wearied with suff'ring and woe,
"Distracted I wander about,
"Just enough of false hope you bestow,
"To keep me still flutt'ring in doubt.

"When to please you I take up my reed,
"And paint all the pleasures of love,
"You seem so attentive indeed,
"That my doubts all begin to remove.

" But should I depend upon this,
" And imagine your heart will relent,
" Too quickly you take it amiss,
" And soon am I left to repent.

" I gather'd a rose in the bower,
" In your bosom you gave it a place,
" I snatch'd but in sport at the flower,
" And you threw it with scorn in my face!

" When tormented by jealousy keen,
" I impart all the source of my grief,
" Then you say I'm devour'd with the spleen,
" And ought to get speedy relief.

" At times when I look in your face,
" So languishing soft is your air,
" I fancy from that I can trace,
" Fond love and affection hid there!

" If, presuming a little too much,
" I should dare to aspire at a kiss,
" Your anger, alas! would be such,
" I should lose every shadow of bliss.

"I carv'd on the bark of a tree,
"Our cyphers together entwin'd,
"No sooner the names did you see,
"Than unkindly you stript off the rind!"

Tho' I only could pity the swain,
Yet so sweetly his sorrows he sung,
With such tenderness did he complain,
On his accents I still could have hung.

From the spot then I slowly withdrew,
The sounds faintly died on my ear,
Quite thankful, dear Mary! to you,
Whose affection was always sincere!

## THE CONFESSION.

TO ———

No anxious wishes fire my breast,
This throbbing heart is now at rest!
Tho' happier were my days by half,
When Anna's follies made me laugh;
Or when by Catherine perplex'd,
Deceiv'd and jilted, cheated, vex'd.
If then I meet the maid by chance,
Oh, how my youthful heart would dance!
But of the sex I've taken leave,
Since angel woman can deceive,
And pass with careless, distant air,
The most enchanting of the fair;
Or should a veil their beauties hide,
My fingers draw it not aside.
But why I hold this joyless gloom,
And mourn my dull insipid doom,
In thoughtless youth's meridian season,
Attend, and I'll explain the reason:—

For Cath'rine first I own'd my flame,
And breath'd in am'rous sighs her name.
The world, while thus I castles built,
Thought me a fool, and her a jilt!
Then Anna next my heart employ'd,
And she repair'd what Kate destroy'd,
And now I fondly hop'd to know,
A little paradise below!
But jealousy soon rais'd a fire,
That scorch'd and forc'd me to retire:
Tho' salamanders live in flame,
I could not, and was I to blame?
Thus scarce reliev'd from former pain,
Ere I was cheated once again;
Till tir'd, and jilted as before,
Love's rosy goddess I implore:
" Bright queen of smiles! this heart release,
" And let me now remain in peace,
" Nor set again this breast in arms,
" By Anna's or by Cath'rine's charms;
" Or if once more I'm doom'd to burn,
" Oh grant my love may meet return!"
How happy could I but declare,
The queen of love had heard my prayer!

I see thee not in Beauty's steps
Returning from the chace!
The night is round Minvanee's love,
And silence haunts the place.

Where are thy faithful dogs and bow?
Nor is thine helmet here!
Thy sword like heaven's descending fire,
And thy blood-dropping spear?

To thy dark-bosom'd ship I see
Thy bloody shield they move;
No arms are in thy narrow house,
My darkly-dwelling love!

When will the morning come, and say—
Arise thou king of spears!
Arise! the hunters are abroad,
The hinds erect their ears!

Away! thou fair-hair'd morn, away!
My hero sees thee not;
The roes bound o'er his grassy tomb,
And Death dwells round the spot!

But I will steal to thy repose,
And softly will I move;
Minvanee shall in silence lie,
Beside her sleeping love!

The maids will vainly search around,
In songs will call on me;
While I shall hear ye not, ye maids!
But, Rhyno, sleep with thee!



265218P

## TRANSLATION OF

" Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosa
" Perfusus liquida urget odoribus."

HORACE.

### TO PYRRHA.

WHAT lovely youth, in Beauty's bloom,
While roses all the bower perfume,
To Pyrrha breathes his amorous pray'r?
For whom thou bind'st thy golden hair;
Adorn'd too so enchantingly,
In elegant simplicity!
Alas! how soon will he in vain,
Of alter'd vows and faith complain,
Whose life and soul, now wrapt in thee,
So amiable, sincere, and free,
Believes thy truth will never fail,
Nor once mistrusts the flatt'ring gale;
Till wreck'd upon a faithless shore,
He hears the treacherous billows roar.
Ah! wretched they, beyond compare,
To whom thou seem'st so passing fair!

My votive tablet on the walls,
My former wreck to mind recalls;
Suspended in the sacred fane,
My wet and dropping weeds remain,
And ever shall they sacred be,
To him who rules the restless sea!

## LIFE.

SAY, what is life, (the sages cry,)
That man should wish to live,
Or dread the hour he's doom'd to die,
And languish to survive?

His early dawn begins in tears,
In shrieks, in pain, and woe,
And frowns increase his infant fears,
Ere guilt he learns to know.

Revolving suns pass o'er his head,
While tutor'd harsh at school;
And every morn he wakes to dread,
A pedant's rigid rule.

Then manhood's boist'rous passions rise,
And all his soul enchain,
He lives a slave to woman's eyes,
And triumphs in his pain.

Till Jealousy, with jaundic'd eyes,
Some happier lover shows,
On whom her magic, woman tries,—
Perhaps a smile bestows!

Then who shall stop his frantic hand,
To check his rage presume?
When Passion's strongest shoots expand,
And Reason's scarce in bloom!

See Pride appears in lofty gait,
To stop the falling tear!
Ambition too, in pompous state,
Thus whispers in his ear:—

"Come, mount with me," the goddess cries,
"Burst Love's inglorious chain!
"Try tented fields, and foreign skies,
"Or tempt the distant main!"

Go stop the eagle in his course,
On prey intent to sweep!
Go bid the winds restrain their force,
And hush the raging deep!

As soon shall words the winds controul,
And bid the billows cease,
As calm the tempest of his soul,
And give his bosom peace!

And should he never feel the smart,
By jealous Love imprest,
Yet Poverty may fix her dart,
In his unguarded breast.

Or fierce Disease, with poison'd fang,
Or wily sland'rous foes,
Or he may feel the deadly pang
Ingratitude bestows!

Tho' thus from infancy to age,
Some jarring passion's sport;
Yet we thro' each successive stage,
Lament that life is short!

But sure while thus thro' life we groan,
By various passions torn,
The pensive moralist must own,
That man was made to mourn!

## ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, LATE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.

Sic juvat perire.

WHAT means this cloud of grief on every brow?
And whence this bursting sigh—this flowing tear?
Does great Cornwallis with his fathers sleep,
And has he clos'd his arduous career?

What other cause could spread such general gloom,
And force from eyes unus'd to melt—a tear?
From Ganges' flood to Ceylon's far-fam'd isle,
What else could cause a sorrow so sincere!

But why should we regret, his toils are clos'd;
Or useless weep upon a vet'ran's grave?
Let us rejoice he seeks those mansions, where
Eternal honors wait the good and brave!

Remov'd beyond this transitory scene,
He smiles at death, its hopes and fears above;
Yet still the venerable hero lives,
Embalm'd for ever in a nation's love!

From manhood's opening dawn to its decline,
Devoted to his much-lov'd country's cause;
Both in the cabinet, and field of fame,
The statesman and the warrior drew applause!

And when at length, of years and honors full,
The star of peace should shed its silver ray
O'er the calm evening of declining age,
And setting life steal unperceiv'd away!

Again his sov'reign call'd his talents forth,
From scenes of civil strife, tho' scarce releas'd,*
And trusted to his guardian care once more,
Britannia's giant empire o'er the East.

Arising at his country's well-known voice,
With patriot zeal his bosom beats again;
He dares once more the rage of Indian suns,
"And braves the stormy spirit of the main!"

Prompt to obey the bosom-stirring call,
With dauntless energy his spirit flew;
But the frail tenement of clay, alas!
Shrunk back unequal to the toils in view!

* Alluding to his recent return from Ireland.

Genius of Asia! bow thine hoary head,
Thy mantle rend, and, prostrate in the dust,
In anguish mourn, thy benefactor's gone,
Thy last sad refuge, and thine only trust!

Ye Britons! venerate his sacred name,
By his illustrious conduct guide your own,
And teach posterity the debt they owe
To him, in whom each patriot virtue shone!

## TO A LADY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TAMUL.*

HEALTH to the maid! whose charms superior rise,
To those the far-fam'd Bird of Paradise
Displays, when in the amber-streaming light,
Bathing her gorgeous plumage dazzling bright;
Superior to the sweetest-scented flower,
Diffusing odour thro' the leafy bower.
But oh, in mercy, all-subduing fair!
Those fatal fascinating glances spare,
The more than magic eloquence that lies,
In the bewitching lustre of those eyes,
What mortal can withstand? Then throw not round
Those looks, that must inevitably wound:
In loveliness, in every outward charm,
Tho' you resistless bear away the palm,
How are your graces heighten'd and refin'd,
By that best charm, a cultivated mind!
There far indeed beyond your sex you soar,
Who idly-busy spend the listless hour.

* Note 12.

To mighty SEVA,* I prefer this prayer,
That you may soon, attractive, gentle fair!
Chuse, from the crouded throng your beauty draws,
One, whose affection never knew a pause,
Some fondly-faithful heart, with whom to prove,
The lasting raptures of connubial love;
Clasp'd in your arms, that heaven of softest bliss!
What ecstasy to snatch the nectar'd kiss!
Hark! music, wonder-working power! is near,
Sure strains so soothing sweet, ne'er met my ear;
What soul-entrancing airs she warbles forth,
To hail the union of such matchless worth.
Oh may the wildly-various melodies,
Pierce the wide concave of the distant skies!
That seraphs may the rising chorus share,
And shower down amaranths on the lovely pair.
Ye stately trees that shade this fruitful land!
Ye shrubs, and fragrant flowers, your buds expand!
Ye rivers too! the general joy spread wide,
Descending in a more majestic tide;
And ye, fantastic fountains! join the strain,
Till Nature leap, throughout her smiling reign;

* The supreme being.

Let ruthless War the glittering sabre sheathe,
And all that lives this azure vault beneath,
Swell the full song, and hail the auspicious hour!
When blushing Beauty seeks the bridal bower.

## ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR BLAIR,

LATE COMMISSARY GENERAL ON CEYLON.

*Written during a Time of great Mortality from the Jungle Fever.*

Is not the tyrant weary yet?
And must another blow
Fill every bosom with regret,
And lay the worthy low?

Oh, how the king of terrors must
Exult in such a prize!
Since he has level'd in the dust
The virtuous and the wise!

If upright conduct, spotless mind,
Integrity severe;
If honor, worth, and truth combin'd,
May claim an honest tear!

Then we may surely weep for Blair,
Since Death's unerring dart,
Which never yet did mortal spare,
Ne'er pierc'd a nobler heart!

To soothe our sorrows here below
Heaven sometimes deigns to send,
The richest gift it can bestow,
An ever-faithful friend!

When suddenly that friend is torn
From our admiring eyes,
In bitterness of soul we mourn,
The loss of such a prize!

## LINES

### TO THREE SISTERS.

ACCEPT, fair maids, this tributary wreath!
No dark insidious flattery lurks beneath;
No doubtful word shall in these lines appear,
Which angel innocence should blush to hear;
Far be the wish to pain a woman's breast,
And rudely banish peace, her hallow'd guest!

See, graceful Henrietta leads the way,
Herself alone unconscious of her sway!
If sense superior, and if taste refin'd—
The pure effusions of a polish'd mind;
If sprightly wit, that gently-sparkling plays
But never dazzles with incessant blaze:
If in the ruder sex these talents charm,
What bosom but must feel a slight alarm,
When all these bright accomplishments combine,
And in one interesting female shine?
While soul-subduing Music lends her aid,
With her celestial charms to deck the maid;

And the soul vibrates with the trembling sound,
Whene'er she pours the dying notes around;
As o'er the keys her rapid finger flies,
The obedient passions seem to fall and rise;
The soft exertion heightens every grace,
And virgin blushes mantle o'er her face!

Come, Caroline! with temper form'd to please,
Thou child of native, unaffected ease!
With manners where both ease and softness join,
That round our hearts with silent force entwine.
Avaunt! pert Affectation! hence away!
And own *one* female never felt thy sway;
Whose gay good humour brightens every place,
And lends new lustre to a smiling face:
On this, fair maid! the joys of life depend,
To this with daily, nightly care attend,
And oh, beware! nor let that demon Spleen,
For one short moment, cloud the lovely scene!

Advance, Louisa! nor thus shrink aside,
But firmly in those tempting charms confide;
Lovers enough shall at thy feet be laid,
Thou rosy cherub! beauteous black-ey'd maid!

A string of swains! young, spirited, and gay,
Shall round thy beauty sigh their lives away,
Till some fond youth, the envy of the rest,
In Hymen's flowery fetters shall be blest:
What tender tumults then will swell thy soul!
What gentle transports o'er thy spirits roll!
Should such soft wishes in thy bosom spring,
Oh, give them room! "for time is on the wing!"

ON THE DEATH OF

## GENERAL ABERCROMBY.

REMOTE Posterity will tell,
Elate with conscious pride,
How nobly Abercromby fell,
In Conquest's purple tide!

Oh, bind the laurel round his head,
The birth-right of the brave!
And British gratitude will shed,
A tear upon his grave!

To serve his injur'd country's cause,
To Nile's fam'd banks he speeds;
Like Wolfe obtains the world's applause,
He conquers and he bleeds!

Tho' low the gallant victor lies!
By his example fir'd,
Shall future Abercrombies rise,
With all his zeal inspir'd.

His name, with those, will foremost stand,
Who for their country bled,
Enroll'd by Fame's immortal hand,
Among the mighty dead!

## ON THE ILLNESS

### OF THE HON. F. NORTH, THEN GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

THO' Britain's warlike fame is spread
To Asia's utmost bound;
And rival nations list'ning bend,
To catch the glorious sound.

Yet we, alas! are doom'd to feel
A sensible alloy,
Amid this proud triumphant scene—
This universal joy.

While he, whose talents all admire,
Whose virtues few attain,
The guardian of this distant isle,
Is languishing in pain.

While Death stands hov'ring o'er his prey,
And still the blow delays;
The secret anguish of our hearts,
Each anxious look betrays!

Ye powers! if Virtue claims your care,
Oh spare her favourite son!
And leave us not in tears to say,
"His earthly course is run!"

Our prayer is heard! the lamp of life
With brighter lustre burns,
See Nature conquers in the strife,
And Health once more returns!

Long may the heavenly guest remain,
And fix her mansion there;
An inmate of his peaceful breast,
Unvex'd by grief or care!

## ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE.*

AMID the raptures of tumultuous joy,
Which makes each breast with exultation heave;
One pensive thought we may at least employ,
On those who fell, this conquest to atchieve!

To those, whose feelings war has never steel'd,
The form of hopeless sorrow will arise,
And vainly pointing to the blood-stain'd field,
Shew where a husband, friend, or brother lies!

How many feel the bosom-piercing stroke!
The soft affections of the heart destroy'd,
The soothing ties of love and friendship broke,
And what remains?—A melancholy void!

When with these mournful images combin'd,
Too dearly bought this victory appears,
While grief and pity seize by turns the mind,
And Nature seeks relief in streaming tears!

* Note 11.

But still there's consolation in the thought,
That, sword in hand, upon the field of fame,
Their death was glorious; while they bravely fought,
And gain'd a noble, an immortal name!

Ye spirits of the gallant slain! look down,
If 'tis permitted, from your airy height,
Behold your fame receive the laurel crown,
Surviving heroes kindling at the sight!

See the tall column* to the skies declare,
Who seal'd their country's triumph with their blood!
It seems to point to where those heroes are,
Whose fame shall conquer Time's devouring flood!

Oh, how much nobler thus to end our days,
Than on the sleepless couch of ling'ring pain;
While stern Disease upon our life-blood preys,
And Friendship and Affection weep in vain!

* Alluding to the Monument erected in Calcutta, by Marquis Wellesley.

## TO THE MEMORY

OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M. D.

LATE SUPERINTENDING SURGEON IN MYSORE.

INSATIATE death! scarce yon bright orb
Has circled half the year,
And I am doom'd again to shed
The unavailing tear!

Again to hang the cypress wreath,
On Friendship's sacred urn,
And weave the votive verse for him,
Who never can return!

Accept this tribute, sainted shade!
For here no venal aim,
To serve some private end usurps
Fair Friendship's holy name.

To paint the virtues of thy heart,
The graces of thy mind,
Thy faith, humanity, and truth,
With kindred talents join'd,

Would but augment my poignant grief,
And make me weep the more,
But cannot from the narrow house,
The buried friend restore!

No change of fortune, time, or place,
No earthly power shall wrest
The memory of thy spotless soul,
From this deep-wounded breast!

I'll cherish thy dear image there,
And emulate thy worth,
That I may join thee in the skies,
When disengag'd from earth!

## EPITAPH

ON A MAN WHO LEFT £100 TO WRITE HIS EPITAPH.
FROM THE FRENCH.

HERE lies a man of *sterling* worth!
Who claims a most illustrious birth;
Wise, eloquent, without deceit,
In whom a *hundred* virtues meet:
But stop!—in conscience I have told
Lies full sufficient for his gold.

## EPIGRAM.

THE wisest men have always said—
Deliberate long before you wed;
Reflect, and 'ere you chuse a wife,
Resolve to think on't *all your life!!*

## LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER AN OAK.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THOU wide-spreading oak! softly whisper them this,
Who beneath thy dark branches may meet;—
That if man could expire in the transports of bliss,
I should often have died at thy feet!

## EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

HORATIO boasts he writes no less
Than ninety lines an hour;
While I must candidly confess,
I've no such rapid power:

But then I surely may reply—
Their fate is quite reverse;
Before himself his verses die,
And I before my verse!

## ON A MISER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH grief he views the coming night,
When other men their toils suspend;
Because as long as lasts the light,
He saves a farthing candle's end!

## ANACREONTIQUE.

BACCHUS' gift, my Julia see!
Bubbling, sparkling, ectasy!
Kiss me fair! till life shall end
Thus we love and wine will blend!
Wishes languish in your eyes,
Take the bowl! 'tis full of joys.
Take the bowl! and while you quaff,
Bacchants wild with joy shall laugh;
Hand in hand, with loves around,
Dancing to my lyre's gay sound!

*** By a friend.

## EPITAPH

ON LIEUT. COL. HUNTER, OF HIS MAJESTY'S 19TH. REGIMENT OF FOOT.

OH ye, who never left your native home!
Whose peaceful bosoms never wish'd to roam,
Reflect awhile upon a soldier's doom,
And sigh one moment o'er his early tomb!
Severe his fate, on stranger shores to fall,
In manhood's noon, belov'd and mourn'd by all!

## EPITAPH

### ON AN INFANT.

To shield it from life's stormy day,
Heaven sought the spotless prize,
And bore the tender bud away,
To flourish in the skies!

## EPITAPH ON A LADY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THO' blighted by Death's chilly hand,
Thy rising bloom could scarce expand ;
Thy vernal morning did not close,
Before two infant buds arose :
Long may they flourish fresh and fair,
Protected from the wint'ry air !
For tho' no mother's bosom rears,
They're water'd by a *father's tears* !

## EPITAPH

ON CAPT. GEORGE NAPPER, OF HIS MAJESTY'S 51ST. REGIMENT.

SHOULD here thy heedless footsteps bend,
Turn not in haste away!
A braver soldier, warmer friend,
Death never made his prey.

## TO A LADY,

### ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH cease, bright Fancy! cease to rove,
Call home each wand'ring thought ag
The birth-day of the maid I love,
Demands thy most melodious strain!

Oh, gentle maid! accept my prayer,
That every guardian saint above
May shield thee with maternal care,
And hover round my blushing love!

Slow may thy peaceful moments fly,
And calm the hours of life advance,
oft as a cradled cherub's sigh!
Bright as thy fascinating glance!

## TO EMMA.

WHEN Emma's beauty is the poet's theme,
How tame, how barren, does all language seem!
When her transcendent charms invite our praise,
Love! Love alone! the liquid notes should raise;
Here *Moore*'s all fascinating pen would fail,
And o'er such beauty he would throw a veil!
So when the Grecian painter would express
The tender parent's exquisite distress,
He found the magic of his art too faint,
And threw a veil o'er what he could not paint!

## TO ——

OH lady, why that fix'd disdain?
A moment listen to my strain!
Has nothing then the power to move
Your heart to tenderness and love?
I ask you not, sweet maid! to speak;
Reveal it on that blushing cheek!
Shew only by those sparkling eyes,
That there no stern denial lies;
That throbbing bosom may reveal
What timid love would fain conceal!
I see! I see! your eyes relent,
And never, love, shall you repent!
Then beauteous maid! to fully prove
My truth, sincerity, and love,
Oh, let me, kneeling at your feet,
My solemn vows of love repeat,
And proudly to the world proclaim,
For whom I breathe my faithful flame!

## THE NURSING OF LOVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN Love in Cyprus first was born,
And on his mother sweetly smil'd,
Disputes arose, that very morn,
Each strove to nurse the beauteous child!

With all a mother's fondness blest,
The Queen of Beauty instant cried—
"Cease, cease your strife! from this fond breast,
"My darling boy shall be supplied!"

But Love was such a roguish child,
He'd gaze upon the heavenly spot,
Till by the beauteous vase beguil'd,
The treasure there he quite forgot.

"Alas!" the anxious mother said—
"He'll never thrive with me, I fear,
"By other hands he must be fed,
"Who will the little cherub rear?"

Then Constancy and Truth arise,
And eager offer all their aid,
While Tenderness, who sought the prize,
Her fascinating charms display'd.

Then soft-ey'd Delicacy came,
And seem'd as if she wish'd to ask;
But felt her languid, tender frame,
Unequal to the pleasing task!

Desire appear'd too warm they said,
And danger might perhaps ensue;
Attention then the child had bred,
But she would soon have spoil'd him too.

In short, the court could not agree,
What nymph should have the general voice,
When Hope exclaim'd, "Oh, give him me!"
And Love appear'd to like the choice.

When Pleasure heard all this, she thought
The preference due to her alone,
With hasty steps the infant sought,
Resolv'd that he should be her own.

Disguis'd like Innocence she went,
And every winning art display'd,
Till Hope unthinking gave consent,
An unsuspicious simple maid!

Fatigu'd with heat she strove to sleep,
Her head upon her arm repos'd,
And gave the smiling boy to keep,
To Innocence, as she suppos'd.

'Twas this the wily nymph desir'd,
Then gave him such delicious fare,
That on her bosom he expir'd,
With joy too exquisite to bear!

What grief in every face appears!
The blooming little Love is dead!
While his fond mother, all in tears,
Despairing droops her beauteous head!

"He breathes! he breathes! oh, be assur'd
"He's only sleeping," Pleasure cries!
"And will immediately be cur'd,
"A lethargy has clos'd his eyes!"

Delightful task! see Tenderness
Attempts to wake the boy again;
She lulls him in her warm caress,
But sighs and kisses all are vain!

Then Folly shakes her rattling beads,
Yet unavailing every chance,
Till Jealousy, at last succeeds,
And wakes the infant from his trance!

## A CAUTION.

TO ——.

SWEET maid! beware his flattering tale,
He smiles but to betray!
And rudely would thy charms assail,
Then leave them to decay!

On Virtue's bosom firmly lean,
Reject his proffer'd joys!
Lest unavailing anguish keen
Thy future peace destroys.

The spoiler will consume his hours
In efforts to beguile;
His words are sweet as April show'rs,
Like opening spring his smile.

Then oh, beware the flatt'ring guest!
His smile will lead astray,
And banish from that gentle breast
The man that would betray!

## ON FIRST SEEING ENGLAND,

AFTER A TEDIOUS PASSAGE FROM INDIA.

LAND of my fathers! as I view
Thy lofty well-known strand!
Emotions never felt before,
My youthful breast expand!

My native home! thy thrilling scenes
My eager thoughts engage!
While every moment seems an hour,
And every hour an age!

I see the lovely sister band,
With hasty steps draw near,
And as I press their rosy lips,
I wet them with a tear!

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

IN friendship we feel proud to name,
The favors we obtain,
And gratefully to all proclaim,
The hand that heals our pain!

In love, a wide reverse appears,
Our lips should then be seal'd!
The hand that dries a lover's tears
Should never be reveal'd!

## TO A LADY,

### WHO ASKED WHY LOVE WAS BLIND?

YOU bid me tell why Love is blind?
The cause I readily can find;
For lady! I can clearly prove
That you have stole the *eyes of Love!*

## TO ——

### ON HER SINGING.

FANNY! repeat that heavenly lay!
And that I may with you be even,
On those ripe lips, let me repay
The pleasure *they* to me have given!

## TO ——

ASK not how long I'll yours remain,
How long I'll faithful be?
How long I'll wear the rosy chain
That binds my soul to thee!

'Tis quite uncertain, dearest maid
Indeed I cannot say,
And nothing more so, I'm afraid,
Not e'en my dying day!

# Notes.

# NOTES.

## Note 1.

"THIS island is situated in that part of the southern Atlantic Ocean, which has been otherwise called the Ethiopic Ocean, about a thousand miles to the southward of the equinoctial line, and nearly at the same distance from the western shore of Africa: its greatest breadth is ten miles, and its circumference only twenty-eight. When we consider its fabric and appearance, and the singular disposition of its tremendous rocks, it seems impossible not to conclude, that subterranean operations have, at some remote era, shaken and convulsed the centre of the Ethiopic, and that this island must have been formed by some such unusual efforts of convulsed and labouring nature."

## Note 2.

The Hot Wells of Cannia are nine in number, of different degrees of temperature. They lay in the centre of an immense forest, about nine miles from Trincomalé, and are much resorted to by the natives, for their medicinal virtues. Near the wells there is

a small choultry for the accommodation of travellers, and close to it a well of fine spring water. Their situation is altogether the most romantic imaginable.

### Note 3.

Colombo, the British capital of Ceylon, is too well known to need description here.

The cinnamon gardens are about two miles from the fort, and through them is a good road, much frequented.

The lake extends up to the walls of the fort, and in a fine evening is covered with boats. It is fed by natural springs, and is seven feet above the level of sea at high water, although it joins it in one part, within a few yards.

### Note 4.

Constantia, is an estate about eight miles from the Cape of Good Hope, and produces the delicious wine named after it.

The sides of the hills near it are covered with the silver pine, whose leaves of bright glossy blue and silver, waving in the wind, produce a very picturesque effect.

NOTE 5.

A Choultry, is a public building, erected near the road, and devoted solely to the use of travellers of all ranks. They are extremely numerous over the whole continent of India, and, as the building them is deemed an act of great piety, a rich native is generally anxious to erect, or contribute to the erection of one, before he dies.

NOTE 6.

The Table Mountain, at the Cape of Good Hope, rises immediately behind Cape Town, to the enormous height of three thousand five hundred feet above the sea; the summit being perfectly level is called the *Table Land*, and is generally covered with clouds.

NOTE 7.

Here follows the original:

Moodattesy Ongoomeenêy, Móleyoom ninnealâr maunèy,
Vedappadoo manicalkêllaum, Mekoosintaumaniyêy mêlaum,
Padaſta ellaratty pênee, Panpooroo muniyêy Caunnee,
Edamperoo Elaloonook elilaum Cauttoo.

Too ehehéyda, Mekoolavappayano annoan,
Tajorsêr oyero minno, deyvacannikyo Tinneer,
Vâsamâmakalo Vaunmêl, maroovoo Carpakamo auree,
Nâsamôy Oolakamellaum, neyamickoon camala maudo.

Elelooroo endera matatty aukil,
Valepadoo devalanpole maunvilee pavalachchevvôy,
Sêlia mootteyooroo nausee, Sinpakam sêree capolam,
Peliyel Coonêtteeppauvy, amoodenyppaniva denno.

Coonamoney Conganoom makilndoo Vaulka
Panamoodan auyoolonga, Parampary odooppol palka,
Anyil neerodoongâlam, auna poonmoolyckoonjàlam,
Enyilau eramy poonda, Eesanadaunyaulêy.

NOTE 8.

Here follows the original :
Neelau chalau roodha evan bja bandhooh,
Neelaum boodha evau marendrah,
North aubhedhogam Calabhau dheroodhep
Velhantee candheerava Vekramaudhyah.

Sampa syatau matra janau valeenaum,
Sammoda davtrey prabhavey nasaunaum,
Deergham vayas soukya manalpa meertim,
Desatvadheeso jazadanda caunaum.

## NOTE 9.

Tom-toms are a species of drums, much used by the natives, making a monotonous sound, very unpleasant to an European ear, most particularly during the night, a time the natives are most partial to hearing them.

## NOTE 10.

These two officers belonged to a detachment that were ordered to make an incursion into the enemy's country, the commanding officer of which, misconceiving his instructions, penetrated even to Candy itself, where finding himself unsupported, he was obliged to make a retreat, in the course of which they were wounded and left behind.

## NOTE 11.

This battle, the most bloody and decisive ever fought in India, was gained by Major General Sir

Arthur Wellesley, at the head of only five thousand British troops, over the Marhatta army, of thirteen battalions of infantry, 115 pieces of cannon, and 35,000 horse. The disparity of numbers was great, but the animated courage of the assailants was superior. The Marhatta force was completely defeated, and lost 98 guns, above 100 tumbrils and arms, and baggage in heaps. However, they were very dearly purchased by the British army, with the heavy loss of 52 gallant officers and 1,584 rank and file killed and wounded. Such a loss as never before occurred in one action, since Britain has been a power in India. But they had to contend with eight of the best and oldest of De Boigne's battalions, veterans who had ever been victorious, and smiled in the face of danger.

## Note 12.

Here follows the original:

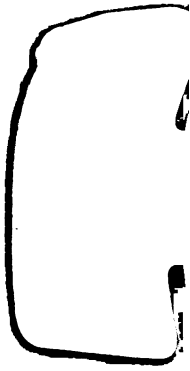
Nâca neenaeur, nan molee killya,
Poca poomee yer, porpooroo Cannala,
Noca ninnelil, nockoonêr nockanee,
Mâca mauder, mange ya.

Ninnyâr mooyalvâr, nedoongui calaul,
Ennavanyamoodoon goovar, yaur colo,
Annara periyore, aranauni yaul,
Nannalantaroo, nanpanych chervyaul.

Penvanapoo, perookeya narkoonam,
Nannoo nallalakoolla, manocaree,
Panpooroom maua naudanit, palliam,
Timooroom Cooralosy, Telerppavêy.

Endavosy, eloondoo vesoomboora,
Vanda manguyer, vaun maly pêytara,
Soondarattesypauda, Seloom vanap,
Pandam Vimmap, panjeelam calippava.

## NOTE 13.

The massacre of the garrison of Candy in cool blood, after they had capitulated, was an act of barbarian treachery seldom equalled, and never surpassed. The 19th regiment alone, in that cruel butchery, lost nine promising officers, and upwards of two hundred men.

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